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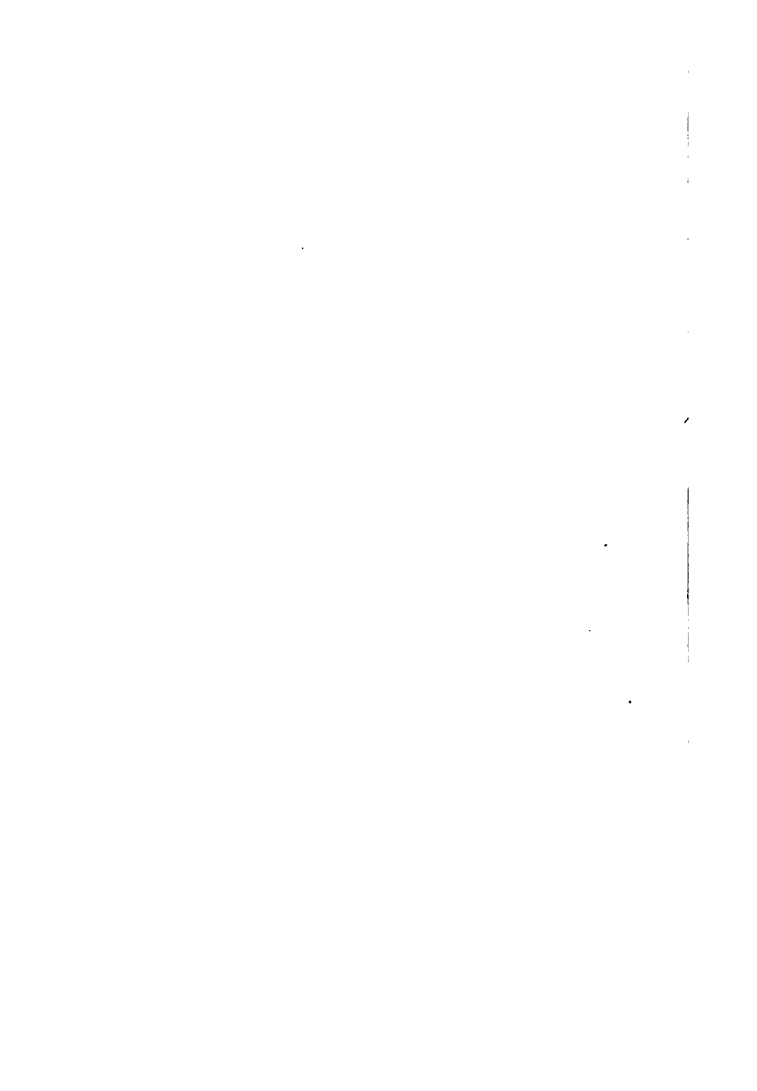
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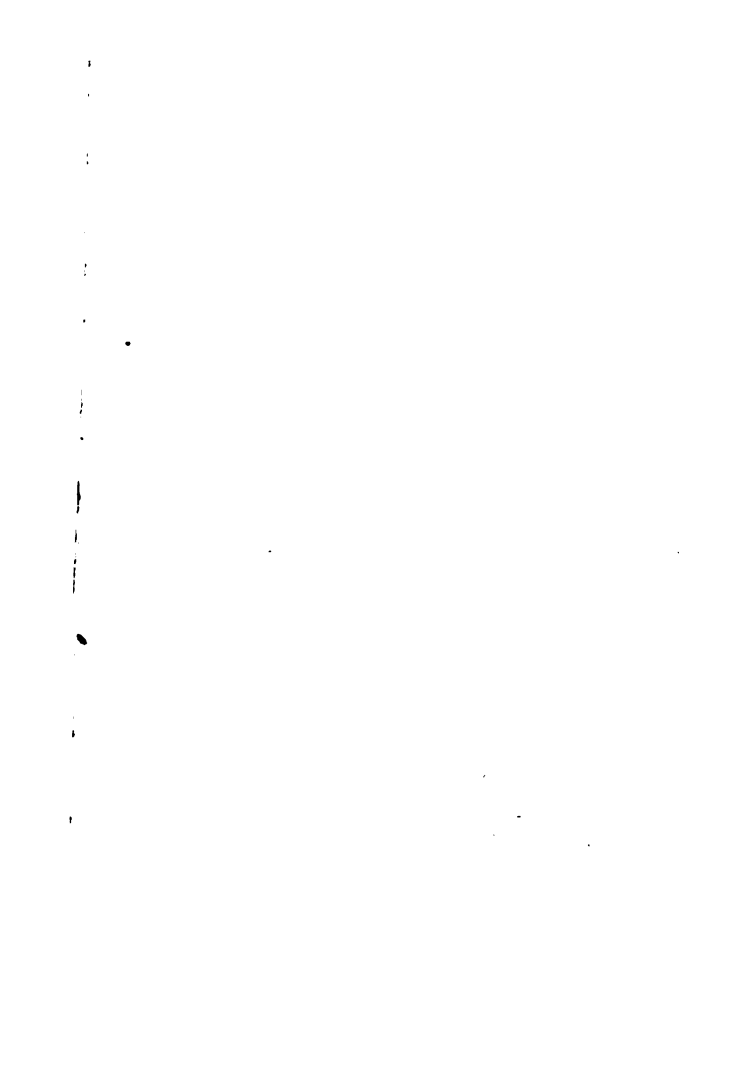
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**"What a galaxy of beauty greets the eye ; the triumph of Nature over Art is complete ; you do not pause to admire the rich materials of which the robe is made—your homage is paid to the form it covers."**

THE  
**WALMASELEY**



**COUNT CHICARD.**

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAM & HENNING.

LONDON: D. BOGUE, 86 FLEET STREET.

MDCCCXLVIII.





LONDON:

WELLS, BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS  
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.



PEOPLE who talk about "stage plays" and "play-actors," invariably condemn a *Bal Masqué*. Had they been alone in their infatuation, they might have done so still ; but there are others even of enlightened views who sneer at this

kind of amusement as a "modern invention," "foreign introduction," "humbug," &c.

To combat the erroneous ideas emanating from such sweeping prejudices, we wrote this book—prejudices by which the public is led away, as children are frightened by the reflected devils of a magic lantern, that the slightest examination would prove to be "airy nothings." That the *Bal Masqué* is a modern invention, we grant; we also allow it to be foreign; but we deny, *in toto*, that it is humbug. In the time of Cheops the Pyramids themselves were disgustingly modern; yet they have got the better of it now, and if people will be such ardent admirers of those huge riddles of antiquity, that were always so full of death, they might at least abstain from abusing the *Bal Masqué*, which on the contrary is so full of life. Of course we do not attempt to argue the point

with those rabid Archæologists who prefer a shrivelled up mummy to the loveliest beauty that ever graced Almacks.

As to the *Bal Masqué* being a foreign introduction, does not the bee take honey from exotic as well indigenous petals, and shall Man yield to a little insect in wisdom? Our annals are but a mighty ball-room, in which foreign introductions are continually taking place under the eye of that indefatigable M. C.—Old Father Time. Have we not the introduction of the Saxons and the Normans—(these parties by the way introduced themselves); and further, the introduction of Tea and Tulips; of Princes Consort and Pines; of Guano and Gutta Percha; of Paletôts and Potatoes; of German Tailors and Sherry Cobblers; of Cachmeres and Cocoa-nuts; of Ether and Ethiopians; of Polkas and Promenade Concerts;

of Hair Powder and Gun-cotton ! besides a host of others far too numerous for us to mention ; we shall, therefore, immediately proceed in our work, holding, that, as a thin rind is the sign of a good orange, a short Preface is that of a good book.



# THE BAL MASQUÉ!

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

PROGRESSIVE REVELATIONS ON MASKS AND MASK-  
ING NATIONS, WITH PITHY DISSERTATIONS—  
*à quoi bon les Bals Masqués?*



I N this chapter we do not  
propose to give a regular  
and continuous history.  
We merely stroll through

the gardens of  
Time, stopping  
here and there  
to cull a fact  
which pleases  
us more than  
others; the *bou-  
quet* thus formed

we offer in all humility to the reader.

At a *date*, almost as ancient as those now and then found preserved in the sarcophagus of some Egyptian king, a band of strolling players used to perambulate Greece, doing the



histrionic on a waggon to the infinite delight of the classical yokels of those days. To increase the effect, the actors, who never appeared on the stage in greater numbers than two at one time, used to smear their faces with the

lees of wine. The lessee of this primitive establishment was an individual "registered" under the name of Thespis. Æschylus, who succeeded him, substituted the MASK for the "rougeing" just mentioned. Tragedy and Comedy attained, soon after, a position of great eminence; and both Greek and Roman actors wore masks of the most elaborate workmanship, and imitating the expression of the different passions with wonderful exactitude.

Having shown that masks were not of yesterday, we draw on the seven-leagued boots of chronology, and stride down to a comparatively modern period. In the sixteenth century masks were usually worn by ladies, to protect their complexions whenever they were exposed to the atmosphere. Henry III., of France, of whom Voltaire says—

"Il devint lâche Roi, d'intrépide guerrier!"

carried the custom to such a point of effeminacy, as to sleep in one anointed with costly unguents. Rowland's Kalydor is the corresponding mask of the present day. Masks,



however, were not invariably used for such soft purposes; they were as often, if not oftener, employed to further or conceal an intrigue. Old Stubbes describes them as being "made of velvet, with two broad holes, filled up with glass, to look through." Masks were also made of silk, taffeta, or wax; though sometimes very different materials were employed. Catherine de Medicis would occasionally send a mask as a present to some fair dame of her court, and it is singular enough, that the latter generally sickened and died soon after the receipt of the royal *favour*.



Other masks, equally celebrated, were those worn by the hired assassins of Venice. We can well imagine a person, unlucky enough to be *struck* by the stiletto of one of these gentlemen, exclaiming, *Bravo!* as he fell

to the ground, but we very much question whether he ever added *encore*!

When King Charles the First was brought to trial, he stared at his judges, and refused to acknowledge their competency. Cromwell re-



turned *Stair* for stare, under the cover of a black velvet mask on the scaffold before Whitehall.

Besides the masks already mentioned, there are others, which are extensively worn even at the present day. We allude to those formed of a word. These, for the most part, answer their purpose admirably. Look at that of

*Junius* for example. Who has yet been able to say what features it concealed? A christian virtue, Friendship for instance, has often been selected. It was a mask of this nature that disguised so well the face of Charles the Ninth's plot against the Huguenots. Under cover of this they were first lulled into security, and then decoyed to Paris. The mask was cast aside on the night of St. Bartholomew, and steeped in the blood of the great Admiral De Coligny, and in that of thousands of the bravest hearts that ever beat responsively to the cry of "*Vive la France!*"

Politicians, and prime ministers especially, consume a great number of such verbal masks.

We now take our *cue* from masques, still leaving them their own. Queen Bess, whose general practice it was to make other people dance to her pipe, deviated from her usual custom, and danced sometimes to that of other people, figuring in a masque at Lord Hubert's marriage when in her sixty-ninth year. Louis the Fourteenth, the *grand monarque*, was also a great patron of masques,

and not only frequently danced in them, but kept, for his especial entertainment, a masquer, as other kings kept their jester. We allude to



the Great Unknown, who was detained a prisoner in the Bastile, and designated as the "Man with the Iron Mask." Most learned scribes have scribbled most learned theories to prove this indivi-

dual's individuality; but the only fact established is, that he was a man of some metal.

During the reign of Charles the Second, when the license of the stage was but the reflection of the licentiousness of the court and its courtezans, the patched and painted ladies of Whitehall affected the wearing of masks, as if to conceal the blushes which never rose to disturb the pigment wherewith their visages were beplastered.

Who has not heard of the glass mask of Sainte Croix, the paramour of the infamous

Marchioness de Brinvilliers? We all know that this mask fell from his face while he was



concocting some subtle poison, and that the vapour suffocated him. Reversing the order of things, the Chevalier suffered from the effects of a glass too little, instead of one too much. This

fact clearly proves, that if persons inhabiting crystal residences should not throw stones, those who patronize masks of the same brittle material should take care to fix them properly before commencing to brew poisons and similar cordials. By neglecting this precaution it may happen, as in the case mentioned, that, instead of the mask, it is the wearer who gets *fixed*.

In the eighteenth century there was a numerous class of masquers, who selected the high-road as the arena of their jokes, which were always practical. Their usual salutation was "stand and



deliver!" It is true the only point in this sally was that of a pistol.

From these masques or pageants did our immediate forefathers derive the *masquerade*. This, however, degenerated into exceeding slowness and vulgarity, and was nearly burn out at the Argyle Rooms.

It was reserved for Jullien to transplant into England the *Bal Masqué*, which stands out conspicuously, an illuminated Capital, amidst the common print of ordinary balls.



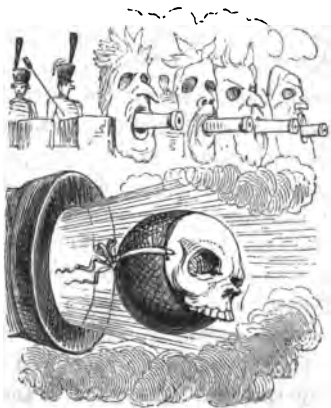
We trust we have given sufficient examples to prove that the masques and masquers of the "good old times," were not always so harmless as those of the year of grace 1847. We fur-

ther think, could Gustavus the Third, of Sweden, take a part in this discussion, he would entirely coincide with us.

A *Bal Masqué* is all life, gaiety, and excitement: it is here you can tell some old hunks of an uncle or guardian your mind; here, also, the bashful young gentleman, too timid to attempt, for the first time, where he is known, a *valse à deux tems*, plucks up courage to do it under cover of his "painted visage;" if he break down, he can sneak away, and be the first next

day to laugh at the "poor devil who made such a mull of it last night."

To stilted moralists, who urge that licentiousness results from a *Bal Masqué*, we would gently hint, that peaches are not to be considered poisonous because some people choose to extract prussic acid from their kernels. We will, however, be frank; there is a species of masked ball which even we should object to. We mean one suddenly sent to greet us from some masked battery.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE BAL MASQUÉ ANNOUNCED.

ITS EFFECT IS MADE SURPRISING, BY ALL SORTS OF ADVERTISING, WHICH PROPITIATES THE PUBLIC, AND ATTRACTS IT TO THE *BAL*.



OWARDS the end of every October, when the genius of Monotony spreads its leaden wings over this modern Babylon, which lies enveloped in their shade;—when an individual *may* cross Regent Street at three o'clock in the afternoon without fear of being knocked down and run over;—when fashionable tradesmen, reduced to skeletons by the "last season," have again become human porpoises, from good living and no-

thing to do;—when one class of this exclusive nation is “coming” the *seignorial* at its ancestral seats;—when another is returning home from an “Up the Rhine,” or a “Down the Danube;”—when yet another is leaving town, for a short, or long, Brighton season, as the case, or the cash, may be;—when another still (by far the most numerous one), has long since accomplished its annual respite from daily toil, by a week at Margate, or a Sunday at Greenwich, Gravesend, or Richmond;—a scarlet eruption is strikingly visible among the posting-bills of the “great metropolis,” which, in the most astounding letters ever invented by man, since the time when he used to convey his thoughts, and express his love, by the medium of hieroglyphics, announce

## JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUÉ!

Now, of these millions of placards, which, according to the joint experience of advertisers

and bill-stickers, usually enjoy the transient existence of the ephemera, and decorate, or desecrate (as the reader pleases), every wall, boarding, unfinished house, 'buss, "peramber-latin 'tizer," and, in short, every bill-stickeable nook and corner within and without the bills of mortality ;—of all these millions of placards, presenting to that social historian, the penny-a-liner, those "great facts" more easily conceived than described ; and to "a nation of shopkeepers," that "great fun" whereon their amusements chiefly depend, there is not one that produces a tithe part of the *furor* occasioned by Jullien's colossal posters.

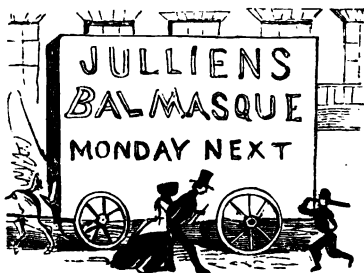
Coming, like an oasis in the desert, at a time when the mighty *chef d'orchestre* feels the languid beating of the national pulse with far greater consideration than the Chancellor of the Exchequer—when people who seek relief from the dearth of amusement are compelled to discuss the tightness of the money-market ; the failure of the potato crop ; the meeting of parliament ; the perpetration of the lord mayor's show, or the perpetuation of the

lord mayor's feed ; who can wonder that London, which never has been taken by the French, is at last surprised by a Frenchman—and capitulates ! The Camp of Boulogne, composed of countless thousands of the *élite* of the *grande armée* (*Commander*, Napoleon Buonaparte), was merely a lunatic chimera. The Orchestra, comprising exactly One Hundred and Ten Musicians (*Conductor*, M. Jullien), is an unmistakable reality !

“Music *hath* charms”—the whole world assents to the proposition—and hence Jullien, with the point of his *bâton*, turns the “barbarous nation” that Napoleon *never could move* at the point of his bayonets !

The town is now completely besieged with announcements of the *Bal*, in every variety of form, colour, and size ;—they drop from the newspaper without which the matutinal mocha would lose one-half its aroma ; some people find them thrust by a mysterious hand into the omnibus which takes them to town ; while to others they are presented on leaving the railway stations or the steam-boat piers.

At the pastry-cooks, where you consume an ante-prandial bun, your change is enveloped in one ; while the obacconist wraps up your post-prandial havannahs in another. Knockers are continually enveloped by them, much to the annoyance of irritable hand-maidens, that wonder at the "imperance of them fellers," who screened by the street door thrust in octaves upon your very threshold. Not only those who run may read, but those also who stay at home, for the advertising vans ever and anon throw across your first-floor windows the shadows from those



gigantic and expressive words BAL MASQUE. Even my Lord Fitzsappy's eye-glass is directed

to the great event. As he tools his cab from Belgravia to Lombard, the horse shies at a "human sandwich," who darts rapidly across the road, exhibiting the compound scarlet eruption of typography, with which his outward man is graced both fore and aft.

All this, gentle reader, tends but to prove that Jullien coincides with the opinion entertained by most commercial houses, that a great deal of business may be done by the aid of *bills*.



BILLS FOR ACCEPTANCE.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE PUBLIC.

SUDDEN MEETINGS, CORDIAL GREETINGS, BRIGHT  
INVENTINGS, QUICK CONSENTINGS; CRAFTY  
VISITINGS, STRANGE INVITINGS, COMBINED  
WITH CURIOUS NOTE-INDITINGS.



THE change that came o'er the spirit of Byron's dream was absolutely trifling compared with the mighty one produced on the London Public, generally, by Jullien's announcement. People had been accustomed to recognise each other, upon meeting, with a sleepy nod of the head, and to inquire after each other's health in a drawling, listless tone; sufficient to produce hypochondria in the person addressed, and qualify him forthwith for a low comedian of the very first water.

But matters now begin to assume a very different aspect. Folks who for some time past

seem to have been existing upon half rations of life, are suddenly restored to something considerably more than full allowance.

In the City, at "Joe's" and "Baker's," at "the Cock" and the "Mart;" at "the Wool-pack" and "the Shades;" at "Pym's" and the Bucklersbury "slap-bangs" in the rear, there are great gatherings of those human bipeds y'clept clerks, who do the commercial state much service, beginning with nothing a-day, and themselves to keep, and progressing up to £150 per annum, with the income tax to pay out of it. These, whether attached to the Bank, to Lloyd's, the Post-office, the Customs, the Excise, or any other public office; or whether in the employment of India, Cape, or general merchants—ship, colonial, drug, or stock brokers, are immense patrons of Jullien's. The chief object of their meetings is to form parties to make a night of it at Old Drury, and to perform sundry special hazardous fillipings, for tickets, with certain current coins of the realm, the speculative gyrations of which are decided according as the



regal head or tail may incline to present itself. As an exception to the every-day rule, over spirituous "goes," glasses of punch, and pints of wine—cigars and costumes are discussed. The former in every variety of the weed, from a Whitechapel Cheroot, to the genuine Cabana; and the latter from a "jolly nose," to a "suit of sables." On paying the reckoning, the active genius of some facetious blade induceth him to suggest that a waiter would be a "knobby character to go in"—something not only original but "stunning, very;" and he straightway putteth divers questions to the Cha'wles, or Henery, or John, or Thomas, touching the "market price" for one night's loan of his striped jacket and pumps.

Men who have entered themselves at the Temple, and other Inns of Court, and who, by a facetious piece of irony, dub themselves law students, now consume, at that ancient tavern in Fleet Street known by the golden sign of "the Cock," an immense quantity of oysters and stout to aid their deliberations anent the costumes they are intent upon sporting, while



William, *the* waiter, cannot understand why on earth they let their steaks get cold, and their chops and "follow chops" transform themselves into masses of congealed fat before eating them.

Those white niggers of Somerset House, who languish under the *ennui* caused by five hours' toiling at the daily papers, only relieved by occasionally signing their names, munching biscuits, nibbling pens, or covering their blotters

with heterogeneous scribblings, emulate their civic brethren in patronizing the *Bal Masqué*—an example which the more westernly located of the fraternity, who labour for their country's weal at the Admiralty, the Treasury, or the Home Office, are by no means loth to follow.

The frequenters of "Limmers," the "Coach and Horses," *et id genus omne*, also intend honouring Old Drury with their presence. Once upon a time we used to imagine that these gentlemen, to whose proper names that of *outlaw* is so generally appended, always wore green tunics, and inexpressibles to match, with a broad black stripe down the outside of each leg; russet boots, and a horn slung over their shoulder, completing their sylvan costume. We furthermore used to believe that they never ate anything but venison pasties;—that it was perfectly lawful for any one to shoot them;—and that whoever did so was a benefactor to his native land. Pleasant delusions of our



youth, whither are ye fled! compelled to give way

before the stern realities of everyday life!



Two individuals of this numerous class, Sir Bradbury Goitfast and the Hon'ble C. Stickitup, are conversing of the pleasure they intend to have, when Goitfast says, he means to

take Adèle to Jullien's. Mademoiselle Adèle, *par parenthèse*, is a very interesting, and still prettier *marchande de modes*. Adèle is, further, a true Frenchwoman, full of mirth, frankness, and

good humour ; accepting, with pleasure, an invitation to a white-bait dinner, or an opera bone ; and endowed by nature with a certain something, which effectually awes even the



fastest of men. "Je ne suis pas bégueule," she says, "*mais*——" and in that one word

"*mais*" lies more than we could describe in a whole book. Stickitup rather inclineth to the belief that Goitfast "is *on* the wrong box"—(everything in this description of society smacketh of the whip and the stable-yard.) That she has already promised Sir Anthony Kumitstrong is no matter, Goitfast observes. On the contrary, there is a bit of business to be done—a small book to be made—if Stickitup likes to help him. The latter replies he is always ready to oblige a friend, whereupon Goitfast adds, "*or do one!*" and tells him that he will bet a cool twenty with Kumitstrong, and win 'em too, that the latter neither dances with Adèle, nor even walks her over the course, provided Stickitup stands by him.

"The proceeds to be divided?" "Of course!"

Goitfast then communicateth his plan, and each lighting up "a dusky Yarico," they lounge out towards Bond Street, both perfectly satisfied of being ten yellow boys the richer on the day following the BAL. [*Mem.*—It is a remarkable fact in the natural history of this species of the genus *Homo*, that albeit they have

not the wherewithal to pay their tailor's bills, they always find means to discharge a bet, just as a *Parisienne* invariably has sufficient, somehow or other, for *fiacres*, gloves, and hair-dressers.]

Mr. and Mrs. Snoxell are sitting down to breakfast, when a servant announces that "a gentleman wishes to see master." Mr. S. descends to his private depository of red tape and parchment, where he finds his friend Slock. If Mr. Slock came for a consultation, the case must have been a most merry one, for both gentlemen laughed in an immoderately loud manner, although they spoke, on the other hand, offensively below their breath; so much so, that the page, who, of course, was listening at the key-hole, could not catch one word, although he nearly caught something else, hardly having time to get out of the way before the door was flung back, and Mr. Snoxell appeared, accompanied by his friend, who exclaimed, "Tatta, Snoxey!" To which Mr. S. replied, "All right, my boy—half-past nine—spicey costume."

On Snoxell's return he apologized for keeping Mrs. S. waiting so long. To which she replies, there was no occasion for any such lavish expenditure of politeness, as she had *not* waited, but *had* breakfasted. She supposed that Mr. Slock, as usual, had come on no good. "Why, my dear," says Snoxell, "the fact is—ah—hem—he has brought me a mortgage case—involving large estates—which—compel me to go down to Brighton to examine the title-deeds." "Oh, very well," answers his spouse. From a sudden twinkle of her eye, we are inclined to think the news was more satisfactory than otherwise.

In some instances, the harmless nature of the *Bal Masqué* is nearly productive of awkward consequences.

One Mr. Slashers, of the Customs, by some unaccountable oversight thrusts a letter he had been writing to a most particular friend into an envelope directed to his maiden aunt, Miss Arabella Withers; the old spinster nearly faints on perusal of the following:—



"Osnaburgh Street—

"DEAR TOM,

"Hang the date.

"It's so long since I last saw you, old Brick, that when I do, I am afraid you will look as ancient as those of which Babylon was composed. What are you after? Gallivanting—you precious sinner, eh? I'll forgive you on condition that you come down to my den this evening—do a weed, suck in an indescribable immensity of gins-and-waters, and decide how about the *Bal*

"With yours ever,

"G. SLASHERS.

"P.S.—I have written to Aunt Arabella to tip per return of post."

Equally astounding to the superscribed was the communication which Broadbrim and Shaveclose of Bristol received from their London correspondents, Overreach, Drabcut, and Co., of Mark Lane. It appears that young Nathan Drabcut, who formed an integral part of the "Co.," had yielded to the persuasion of a "fast" acquaintance (one Muscavado Hicks, of Mincing Lane, sugar broker) to "see life," by spending a night with Jullien, in lieu of passing the same at the family residence at Upper

Clapton. In the excitement invariably accompanying all surreptitious actions, the said Nathan, "per self and partners," informed the Broadbrims of Bristol that he "should call at seven o'clock in the evening for the Don Cæsar de Bazan, and hoped everything necessary would be ready." If Broadbrim and Shaveclose of Bristol were bewildered, equally so were Mr. and Mrs. Simmons of Tavistock Street on finding themselves dubbed "Respected Friends," and being informed that "foreign grain was not over-abundant; though, owing to the arrival of 20,000 barrels, American flour was the turn cheaper."

But, perhaps, the most ridiculous mistake was that committed by Pettifog, a common-law clerk in the office of Messrs. Fang, Gripfast, and Squeezeall. This limb of the law wrote to Strivehard, an unfortunate but honest debtor, whose passive obedience and non-resistance were about to teach him that arithmetical truism—that law is the exact *square* of commerce, inasmuch as every man undertaking to pay a pound, and unfortunately not being able

to do so—although admitting his liability and speedy intention—is eventually and invariably victimized out of an additional pound in the shape of costs. Strivehard—bewildered, amazed—was reminded of his appointment with Pettifog for the *Bal*, where he, the said Pettifog, intended “to do the thing spicey as a *Postillon*,” and Jack Fenton, the “most particular intimate” of Pettifog, was agreeably “informed, that unless both debt and costs were paid during the day, judgment would be signed, and execution issued forthwith.”

The Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ballet (“Extras” included) play a very conspicuous part in this grand entertainment—the management according them the privilege of *entrée* free, gratis, for nothing. The “Gentlemen of the Ballet,” treating the affair as “a thing of course,” bestow upon it a semi-indifference and don’t-care-if-I-do-ism; but, with the Ladies of that same, the *Bal Masqué* is the era of the season. In their various meetings, visitings, and epistolary correspondence, it forms the all-engrossing topic—a topic, by the way,

subdivided into three distinct sources of doubt and anxiety, namely, their costume, their *Cavalier*, and though last not least (to a Ballet-Girl), their supper. We shall not attempt to resolve the first, as our pen would only get entangled in trying to unravel the cuttings and contrivings, the unpickings, the matchings, and the makings-up incidental to its accomplishment; and as the second and third points are just as much matters of uncertainty to us as to themselves, we shall dismiss the same to the care of that domestic fatalism which implicitly believes "time alone will show."

Among those of the Thespian sisterhood who exhibit the poetry of motion at the "minors," the good fortune of the ladies of the "great house" excites no small degree of envy, though eventually this softens down into an earnest appeal to the "dear Carry," or "Tilda," that she will "try and persuade that good Mr. Barnett" to allow her friend "*to pass*," and assure him of her coming "in a love of a dress."

At the Clubs numerous parties are arranged

for the occupancy of private boxes, and strolling up to the Libraries to choose the *locale* forms quite an era in the now monotonous lives of the members. Although, taken *en masse*, the donning of costumes would be considered *infra dig.*, still numerous individuals are bent on so going, "just for the fun of the thing." While groups are sauntering up to Sams', Mitchell's, or Andrews', others jump into their vehicles, and, like the Honourable Philip Augustus Noodle, M.P. and his friend Captain Eglette de Briggs, of the Blues, order their Jehus "to Nathan's," who, the reader of course knows, or should know, is the *costumier* of Castle Street, Leicester Square.

*A propos*, of that inter-national district, Leicester Square, we are reminded of the commentary passed upon Jullien's announcement, by two of his, *compatriotes*. They had suddenly stopped before one of the posting bills adorning the site of Mr. Buckstone's theatre—castle (in the air) we mean—when we at once daguerrotyped their portraits and their conversation.

THE BAL MASQUE.



*1er Décoré.* V'là, mon cher, comment ce bambocheur de Jullien fait des farces, le p'tit bon homme !

*2ème Décoré.* Ah, ça ! nous irons donc, tout de même. C'est nous autres Frrrrrançais qui y ferons la noce !

*1er Décoré.* Je crois b'en, mon cher. Fichtre ! c'est notre affaire—mais, parbleu ! ça doit joliment embêter ces gredins d'Anglais !

Madame Eugenie de Crinoline's and numerous other equally celebrated west-end establishments for "MODES ET NOUVEAUTES," partake largely of the prevailing enthusiasm. Upon a principle similar to that by which the Swiss elongate their ears at the sound of the *ranz des vaches*, and throwing down their arms, turn towards their country, so do the *modistes* and *couturières* joyfully open their eyes on beholding the magic words BAL MASQUE, and casting aside *their* arms—the needle and the bodkin—commence an *en avant quatre*, inspired by the magnetic influence of their *souvenirs de Carnaval!*



## CHAPTER IV.



### PREPARATIONS GENERAL.

SILKS AND SATINS, VELVETS, FLOWERS, LACES,  
LOGIES, BOOTS AND HOSES ; SPANGLES,  
FEATHERS, SWORDS AND DAGGERS, WIGS  
AND WHISKERS, MASKS AND NOSES.



LEAVING the public awhile, let us glance at the bustle and activity which prevails among those who contribute so much to its pleasure—and annoyance. First and foremost are the *costumiers* who have

“hung out their banners on the outward walls” of their establishments, in the form of enormous masks, which always appear to



us like the hatchments of long departed pantomimes. Their windows are crammed with sundry specimens of theatrical attire, with tickets for the *Bal*, with bills announcing it, and with every description of mask, presenting a most extensive range of countenances, from the most probable to the most impossible. From morning, when the shutters are taken down, till night, when the gas star over the shop is lit up, the windows are surrounded by groups of juveniles, who tease each other with imaginary selections and gratuitous appropriations of the said masks for their own equally imaginary wearings. To all this, however, Mr. Simmons or Mr. Nathan is stoically indifferent, so long as the doorway be not blocked up, and the said windows remain in their original unbroken attraction.

Then come the theatrical wig-makers, whose heterogeneous display of fantastic head-dresses are suggestive of ample materials for a voluminous History of Perukes. Then again the theatrical hosiers, who expose in their windows an immense stock of stockings and leggings, which, judging by their many coloured hues,

seem to have been dyed in a rainbow. Next we have the theatrical feather and flower makers, theatrical lacemen, jewellers, and spangle merchants, all of whom are up to their eyes in business, and either satisfying or disappointing their impatient customers. In the shops of these caterers, as well as at the music-sellers, generally, you see vast numbers of the Patagonian bullet-proof tickets of admission, the gilt edges of which said tickets an ingenious friend avers are scraped off with considerable profit to certain of the Hebrew fraternity.

The following official statement will furnish the reader with a correct idea of the general state of affairs up to a late hour :—

MONDAY EVENING,

*Ten o' Clock.*

From exclusive information that has been furnished to us through a channel that may be relied on, it appears there was little fluctuation in the price of tickets, though in many instances the odd sixpence was conceded to effect sales.

Moustaches, masks, and noses of all shapes and sizes, were in great request, while wigs and whiskers were

generally supplied only to order. Loans of costume prints were obtained at a moderate per centage.

Dominoes were generally easy—to the wearers ; and on the appearance of government-office clerks and medical students, who operated largely, costumes of all descriptions took an upward tendency.

Large transactions were effected in the National Stock of Charles's, Jack Shepperds, Highlanders, Barristers, Quakers, Collegians, Carpenters, Dustmen, Firemen, Policemen, and Naval and Military Officers particularly, but there was considerable fluctuation in prices.

Of Spanish Actives, Figaros, Don Cæsars, Maritanas, Paquitas, and Matadors took the lead ; while in Passives, beyond a solitary bargain for a Giovanni and a Leperello, the business that transpired was barely worth mentioning.

Austrian and Prussian Loans consisted chiefly of Fausts, Mephistopheleses, Frederick the Greats, and Jenny Linds.

Dutch and Russian Stock were universally declined ; and in Polish the transactions were much more limited than on the last opening.

Italian and Neapolitan were confined to Brigands, Masaniellos, and Bravos, though with many lady speculators a decided preference for Venetian pages was manifested ; while from the supply not equalling the demand, others eagerly inquired for and obtained Greeks and Troubadours.

In French Stock, Postillons, Titis, Hussars, Vivandières, and Debardeurs generally were in great request.

During the day numerous failures were announced of *costumiers* who were unable to meet their engagements; but it was confidently rumoured that a considerable reaction might be looked for on the following day from the defalcations of the contractors for the respective Loans.



## CHAPTER V.

### PREPARATIONS INDIVIDUAL.

MONEY RAISING, TICKET BUYING, AND MOST  
AMAZING COSTUMES TRYING.



PEOPLE often declare their inability to get rid of their time, but never allude to the least difficulty in getting rid of their money; on the contrary, so great are the facilities for this latter process, that they very often have none left. This is sometimes the case with certain patrons of the *Bal Masqué*, who find themselves minus the sum requisite for the purchase of tickets,

the hire of costume, the fare of cab, the price of gloves, the expense of supper and of numerous other sundries which as inevitably follow the original half guinea as extras do, to the amount of some fifteen pounds or so, the stipulated twenty in the prospectus of a cheap school for young gentlemen. This temporary deficiency in the treasury is, however, no obstacle to a determined Masquer. Like Napoleon, he does not know the word *impossible*, and although raising the tin may cost more pains than were necessary to raise the Wellington statue, it is to be done—in some cases we fear a father, mother, or guardian also.

The plans pursued are as varied as the individuals from whom they emanate. Some apply to those benevolent persons who, in the daily papers, inform the world that they are ready to advance "Money to any amount on most advantageous terms." This mode is speedy but not profitable; the terms, it is true, are advantageous, most advantageous—but always to the lender, never to the borrower. This is a rule *without* an exception, being an excep-

tion to the one which declareth that the exception makes the rule. Some, who address their father as "governor," write and ask point blank for the needful, frankly saying to what purpose they intend applying it. The specimens of this class are what naturalists term very scarce—unique.

Others manage the matter by a postscript to a long letter—in which letter they discourse on all sorts of subjects possible, except *Bals Masqués*, to which they studiously avoid any reference. The postscript, however, generally consists of some sentence to the following effect :

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to say that I must again trouble you for £10. This is but a trifle, I am aware, yet I would willingly have avoided requesting it, but really the books for this season are so expensive that they quite swallow up a little fortune."

Instead of "books," "instruments" or any other object may be substituted at the taste of the writer.

There exists also a numerous class who have recourse to a relation in town—an uncle, for example. From all accounts we have been

able to gather upon the subject, this person appears to be of a most obliging disposition. His young relations never apply to him in vain, although he sometimes does not accord so large a sum as they desire. So overpowering is their sense of gratitude that they always insist upon their respected relative accepting some small article, such as a watch, a gold chain, or a diamond ring, as a pledge of the lively esteem they hold him in. We never knew an instance in which this was not the case, or in which the uncle failed to force upon them, in return, a small ticket, stating to the world how much each was indebted to the other. Though perfectly at liberty to make this known, the natural modesty of the possessors mostly induceth them to lock up the said tickets in the inmost recess of their writing-desk. We fancy some nephew, *pro tem*, whose case approximates those we have described, exclaiming, "And where, M. le Comte Chicard, is the harm in three balls aiding a fourth?"

Not having decided upon any of the plans



mentioned, you are sauntering along, and on a sudden perceive a "most intimate friend," who, some twelve months ago, borrowed ten pounds, to be repaid in a fortnight. Of course, ever since then, your "intimate friend" appears to have joined the corps of good men whom Diogenes declared to be so scarce that he searched for them in vain at mid-day with a lantern. Overcoming the timidity which makes most Englishmen look like detected pickpockets when asking for money due to them, you make up to him and request he will let you have *that trifle*. He replies he will send it the same evening, and does—not do so. You set him down as one of the class denominated Humbugs; and imitating the principle upon which Artesian wells are constructed, eventually obtain your end by a course of most scientific boring.

All day long vehicles, containing parties in search of the grotesque, are driving up to, or departing from Simmons's, in Tavistock Street, whose establishment, from the kitchens up to the garrets, presents one continuous



scene of active preparation for the great event. Our artist, having been honoured with a "free admission," has presented so faithful a plan of the internal operations, that it is almost superfluous for us to touch upon the same, save to observe that, having carefully inspected the said design, we arrive at the conclusion that nobody ever goes to bed, and that all the inmates of the establishment sleep with their eyes open, and take their meals as they work. Simmons, who is always wanted everywhere at the same time, is never to be found anywhere, and consequently must be somewhere else. All this naturally tends to excite the worthy *costumier*, until he becomes a complete impersonation of Collins's "Ode to the Passions." First he represents Fear, because a Greek, which he knows will be spoilt and never paid for, has been left without a deposit; then Despair, at the slow progress made with "that *Dooberdoer* dress," as he calls it; and then Anger, on finding the *Long-Jew-mo* (which we presume is the Hebrew for a certain style of *Postillon*) has been cut out "big enough for Paul Bed-

ford, when the gent as ordered it was barely Oxberry's measure."

The excitement produced by the *Bal* does not seize upon the lords of creation exclusively. It extends with even increased violence to all classes of the fair sex—from those stately dames who, seated in a private box, and protected, by their masks and rose-coloured *chauves-souris*, from eyes profane, witness the *coup d'œil* with aristocratic *nonchalance*, downwards to the less fortunate daughters of Eve, whose thoughts are wholly engrossed in compassing that "open Sesame" so indispensable to the possession of costumes and tickets. England, the land of liberty (in respect to *Bals Masqués*), permits kindred tastes to coexist in the duchess and her milliner. Beneath the shadow of a mask, as in the dark, all women are alike. The exclusiveness of Almacks finds no *locus standi* on the *parquet* of the *Bal Masqué*. 'Tis the metallic standard, which Sir Robert Peel is so anxious to preserve, that alone regulates the right of *entrée*.

To describe the various manœuvres prac-

tised by the sex generally, upon these occasions, would not only require more space than our printer assigns to us, but likewise necessitate our publisher's perfect conviction that "whatever is, is right"—a proposition in which we happen to know Mr. Bogue does *not* place the implicit confidence he reposes in us.

But for this, we might reveal the intrigues of certain cispontine and transpontine *Lorettes*, who are "great" at the Casino and Cremorne, at the Portland Rooms, and the St. James's Assemblies—who, like their male cousins, already described, propitiate the benevolence of a relative neither brother to their father or mother, but yet bearing the same affinity of kindred—who, accepting a ticket, a mask, and a black domino, from some simple swain, under a promise to meet him at a certain hour near the orchestra, but thinking the game of dominoes very "slow," bargain with the costumier for a *Figlia del Reggimento* in exchange—select as cavalier some dashing hussar; and thus play a "double-blank" to their "poor, soft, Charley," who passes the entire evening in the for-

lorn hope of surprising "that treacherous Loo" amongst the legion of black dominoes who continually throng around the place of rendezvous.

Further might we discourse upon the practical ingenuity of a certain damsel who, agreeing with the wise saw that it is better to have two or three strings to one's bow, was a modern instance of possessing several *beaux* to her string. From each of these, tickets and green dominoes were obtained, and eventually, by a financial operation worthy of Rothschild, or Robert Macaire, the several contributions were consolidated into a tolerable purse with the aid of an Israelitish confederate, who of course shared the spoil. One of the dominoes, however, *was* retained by the *intriguante*, and worn over her costume—a Greek! (and to her very appropriate). On her arrival at the theatre the said domino was left with the guardian of cloaks and umbrellas, who being frequently asked, during the evening, by innumerable would-be Lotharios—who all arrive breathless with haste, for fear of being too late, and keep-

ing "the dy-ar creature waiting"—whether he had observed a *green* domino arrive, coolly pointed towards the one in his custody.



## CHAPTER VI.



### THE THEATRE BY DAY.

PREPARATIONS MANAGERIAL, CHANDELERIAL,  
AND CARPENTERIAL.



WE now beg our courteous reader will accompany us to the theatre by day. Passing along the colonnade in Little Russell Street we enter by the stage-door, in front of which several public and private vehicles are waiting ; while lounging about in groups of threes and fours, are numerous boardmen, paper-capped carpenters, and jobbing upholsterers. Many of the



latter have a most primitive description of carpet bag containing their implements, and all seem anxious to be taken on for a job. Of course every boy who passes peeps in at the stage-door with intense curiosity, the machinations going on behind the scenes of a theatre being, to his mind, the greatest of all London mysteries. Proceeding a few paces into a sort of cross production between a hall and a room, in which a kind of glass-case is railed off as the den of the Cerberus of these regions, we suddenly encounter that individual himself. He certainly does not possess three distinct heads, like his classical predecessor, but still is gifted with one nearly three times the size of an ordinary mortal's. We simultaneously perceive he is a native of Switzerland, and very red in the face. He is, moreover, gifted with a triad of tongues—broken English, broken French, and broken German; contriving, out of the bits he has picked up, to manufacture a sort of lingual mosaic, in the same fashion that certain old ladies of industrious habits compose counterpanes in that popular style of

"Art-Manufacture" known by the name of patchwork.

The said Cerberus, or to use the technical appellation, the Hall-porter, is now in a state of high excitement; there are so many people passing to and fro, and so many more endeavouring to enter, that had he all the eyes of Argus he would not possess one too many. On his asking us "our pleasure" we reply by presenting our card, which he glances at, and immediately steps aside to let us pass, exclaiming at the same time, "Bien, M. le Comte, toutes les fois que vous foutez passer, vous parlerez français à moi, et je vous reconnaîtrai." Having passed the *Rubicund*, we turn to the right, proceed along a short narrow passage, and again turning through a doorway to our left, we suddenly find ourselves upon the O.P. side of the boards of Old Drury, over which reigns that chilling, misty, dreary light peculiar to all theatres by day.

Without further pausing to examine the aspect of the house, we cross over to the P.S., and proceed directly to the sanctum of the prin-

cipal manager, and tender him our respects. From the immense pile of letters midst which our worthy friend seems literally buried, you



might believe yourself to be in some portion of the General Post Office in St. Martin's - le - Grand. Most of these said letters are destined to become Dead Letters, inas-

much as they are doomed never to be acknowledged. The purport of their contents is intuitively divined. The writers invariably request free admissions to the *Bal*, in all the varied form of expression which every difference of age, sex, and rank would be expected to put forth. Let not any one imagine that we have used the word "rank"

inadvertently, or merely to round a period. It is a well-established fact that there are many people, and those, too, of great wealth, who never thoroughly enjoy their seats at a theatre unless admitted by tickets.

But let us once more tread the boards, where all is now bustle and activity. In the brief space of a few short hours the "good genius" of Mr. F. Gye, jun., has removed the "concert orchestra" from the proscenium, and constructed, some twenty paces further up the stage, another one, more capacious, and better adapted to the *salle de danse*. Innumerable carpenters and upholsterers are employed in unrolling, laying down, and sewing together the different lengths of what eventually becomes the monster carpet, entirely covering the ball-room. When the carpet is properly spread out and stretched, the brown-paper-capped gentry proceed to rap in the tacks, occasionally rapping out an oath the reverse of laudatory to their organs of sight, whenever the seams begin to assume an unseemly irregularity. These worthies having acquired certain musical reminiscences from

being frequently employed during the orchestral rehearsals, tack away to a much more pleasant measure than an undertaker. It is to this



tack-tack-tick-a-tick-tack of the hammer that the ten thousand square feet of carpeting is finished, upon which nearly an equal number of human feet will in a few hours be performing their Terpsichorean extravagances to the inspiring melodies drawn forth by Jullien's *bâton*.

The carpet being now laid, though not the dust occasioned by it, the whole place is covered with immense packing-cases and *cartons*, which suggest a striking resemblance to a Custom-house seizure or sale. Glancing over one or two of the very legible labels appertaining to the said boxes, we read as follows: "6 Lengths Passion-flowers for Proscenium pillar"—"Rose trimmings for small columns, 3rd circle"—

"Right-hand old Swags" — "Left-hand old Swags." To the uninitiated reader be it known that "Swags" is the technical term for those festoons which *round off* (so to speak) the angles or corners of the top of the proscenium arch separating the stage from the audience part of the theatre. While watching the general activity, some privileged individual came, Asmodeus like, to peep at what was going on, and observed to a friend who accompanied him, that if all the "Swags" were above, most certainly, at a later hour, all the *swagger* would be below.

If Ajax ever did defy the lightning, and we know Tom Thumb to be the least authority upon that point, Mr. F. Gye on these occasions most certainly does defy the seasons; for on exposing to view the contents of the numerous packing-cases, one-half the entire *salle* is so profusely covered with groups, bunches, and festoons of bright flowers, that, loth to believe ourselves within Old Drury's walls, we think we must decidedly be strolling through Covent Garden on a bright May morning. Skilful florists; compared with whose handiworks the Chiswick

exhibitions are mere children's play, are busily tending the rapid growth of the November passion-flowers, roses, ranunculuses, geraniums, clematis, and other creepers, which twine with marvellous rapidity up the pillars of the proscenium, or become festooned in the most tasteful manner from box to box, from tier to tier. While Mr. F. Gye and his *fidus Achates*, Mr. A. Forrester, are anxiously watching the growing effect of this floral embellishment, a messenger, breathless with haste, arrives from M. Jullien, who, owing to the extensive alterations going on in his own theatre, is obliged to borrow his neighbour, Mr. Beale's, opera house in which to rehearse the One Hundred and Ten Musicians, just as Ali Baba's wife obtained the loan of her sister-in-law's bushel measure, when she "took stock" of the Forty Thieves' gold, or as any economical housewife might borrow her neighbour's fish-kettle, bottle-jack, or warming-pan.

Now it appears, by the statement of the aforesaid messenger, that Jullien, having marshalled forth his troop to a vigorous attack upon the

*forte* of the British Army Quadrille, is suddenly compelled to halt for want of the cavalry, which Mr. F. Gye is earnestly requested to furnish immediately.

Wondering over what description of household troops that gentleman was commander-in-chief, we learnt by the orders he issued that they consisted of certain machines, not of flesh, but of wood, and resembled miniature pavours' rammers, which the artiste who maketh melody upon the kettle-drum knocketh down upon the floor of the orchestra at certain measured periods, thus imitating the tramping of troops of horse!

It is now two o'clock p.m., and any person not accustomed to these matters would, on seeing the aspect of the theatre, extensively doubt the possibility of its being ready, by ten o'clock the same evening, for the reception of the public. The immense chandelier that is suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and about which juveniles, at pantomime times, worry papas and mammas with innumerable questions touching how and when the lamp-



lighter gets up to light it, is now slowly let down, until its lowest drops reach the ground:



Numerous others, smaller in size, and acting as satellites to this lustrous planet, are also lowered for the same purpose, that of being cleaned and brightened up. Near the large chandelier lie strewed about old dusters and wash-leathers, a stray hat or two, pieces of flexible gas-pipe, a pair of steps, a few brushes, and a couple of chairs. Besides this, some of the corps of little golden Cupids, who are destined to hold the

pink gossamer scarfs which, at a later period, will form a circlet round the chandelier, are very quietly reposing on their stomachs, on the carpet, while others have attained every progressive stage of altitude towards their final destination. On proceeding towards the orchestra, we pick our way through many celebrated groups of statuary, among which are the Three Graces, after Canova. Some of these groups, from enjoying a horizontal position, instead of the perpendicular one in which they are familiar to our eye, prove most satisfactorily that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step.

On passing beneath the orchestra, where the aspect of the stage, in the total absence of all light, assumes a most gloomy appearance, our ears are saluted by that gem of the British vernacular, "——— it." On investigation, we find this exclamation proceeds from an incautious visitor, who, in exploring these unknown regions, stumbles over some object which scares his face, and which he sets down as an accumulation of birch-brooms. In reality, he has fallen among the evergreens, which help to

decorate the house at night. These have been temporarily stowed away in the Refreshment Room, as his eyes, that have now been brushed up a little, enable him to discover, and which said Refreshment Room appears to be supplied with all sorts of draughts save and except those of Carrara-water, sherry-cobblers, and other liquids extensively patronised by the British public.



## CHAPTER VII.



### THE TOILET.

COSTUMING, ASSUMING, FUMING, AND PERFUMING.



N ARTIST travelling in search of the picturesque would never think of stopping to sketch a low, flat, even country, however fertile, but would reserve his pencil for spots which, by their air of grandeur, or startling outline, were more worthy of it, although they never produced a crop worth sixpence since the world began. The very same principle induces us to pass over, with this mere cursory observation, the toilet of the rich, which—from their

possessing "all appliances and means to boot," shoe, spur, dress, and equip themselves as quickly and as well as the first outfitter extant—is a very ordinary affair. We leave, then, these Rothschildren of Fortune, and devote our pen to describing others, who, though not a hundredth part so wealthy, are, on that very account, far more amusing.

Mindful of the golden rule, "*place aux dames*," we will commence by sketching the young French girl who, ever since the announcement of the *Bal*, has been roused from the apathetic indifference of every-day life to a state of great excitement. Poor thing! she has little to spend upon her toilet, being employed in some fashionable dressmaker's establishment, where she is worked rather more than the negroes who are so pitied, and, comparatively speaking, paid rather less, considering how much the fashionable world depends upon her skill. In spite of over-fatigue, however, she always manages to look as cheerful, and, of her scanty resources, to be as tastefully dressed as some of the haughty dames

who call at the *Magazin* to pass by with a drawling listless "very pretty" the bonnet which—grace to the efficacy of strong, very strong coffee, to enable her to keep awake—she made the night before. We say "tastefully dressed," not "richly;" there is a great difference between the two, which she perfectly understands, though many and many do not. She is going to the *Bal* as a *Débardeuse*. Auguste, who is clerk at a foreign bookseller's, and has engaged to marry her when he has scraped together sufficient money to establish himself, has given her the materials for her costume, which she manages, in her little leisure time, to make up. She scolds him for going to such an expense—"cela doit lui coûter tant"—but in silence she thinks how good it is of him, and what a persevering little wife she will be, in return for all his kindness. What an air of grace there is about her as she gets up on a chair, the better to view herself in the little looking-glass on her table. How becoming is the powdered hair, with the large ample *chignon* falling down her back; how



natty the chemise of fine cambric, which almost looks as delicate as if spun by fairy hands from air ; how stylish the full flowing rich velvet trowsers, falling so elegantly upon her pretty instep, and set off to such advantage by the light stripe that runs down each leg, and on which are placed so coquettishly puffs of white silk, alternated with bright sparkling buttons ;

and, finally, what can one imagine more enchanting than *le petit pied mignon, si bien chaussé*, if it be not the delightful manner in which her scarf is tied round her wasp-like waist, so as to bring out in stronger contrast the graceful outlines of her figure? She is indeed the prettiest *Débardeuse* it is possible to look upon, as she sits over the fire, impatiently sifting the minutes as they pass through her mental hour-glass. Ten o'clock strikes; and no Auguste! She begins to fancy he is run over; but that can't be; or that, perhaps, his family has suddenly arrived from Marseilles; or that he has forgotten her. No, no; she cannot believe that! Suddenly she hears a cab drive up to the door. It is he!—yes, 't is Auguste! She takes her gloves and her handkerchief—on which she has sprinkled a little *eau-de-Cologne*—bestows a last glance upon her mirror, and in a few minutes afterwards is being whirled away to the theatre. She dances *con amore* for hours; but, mark! she does not sup. All she partakes of is a glass or two of lemonade; and at four o'clock she departs with



Auguste, who conducts her to the threshold of her dwelling, *perhaps* impresses a kiss upon her lips, and then takes his leave. She ascends to her own little room, which to her is a Paradise, so sweet and bright are the thoughts and dear recollections which crowd in it with her as she passes through its narrow doorway.

Those persons who have the good luck *not* to be disappointed in the early arrival of their dresses, invariably don them, after a minute inspection, some half-a-dozen hours before the *Bal* commences, in the fear of being too late ; while others, who are less fortunate, consign the offending *costumiers* to a locality the warmth of which considerably exceeds even that of the expressions in which they indulge.

Such of the first class as affect swords and spurs, employ the interval in a full-dress rehearsal of their capability of wearing these appendages, and, after many attempts especially hazardous to their perpendicular, achieve a half-swaggering, half-tottering mode of progression : emboldened by degrees they essay a *valse à deux tems*, but either from the sword insinuating itself

between their legs, or from the unexpected contact of the spurs, they furnish a practical illustration of the centre of gravity being thrown beyond its base, and become full length carpet knights.

Charles Chevins has been a student of Guy's no one can tell how long. It is, however, his proud boast that, in spite of this circumstance, he knows more about oysters than muscles, and of Epsom Downs than Epsom salts. Chevins is an individual of high feelings, and one who considers it as insulting Fortune not to put an entire trust in her. It was on this principle, namely trust, that he obtained a most magnificent costume of Cœur-de-Lion.

At the moment we introduce the reader to him, he has, for the last half-hour, been endeavouring to get into the scale-armour inexpressibles incident to the disguise he has chosen. Although these have been made to measure, he finds to his cost that good measure does not always go with the scales.

In his efforts to draw on the refractory garments he tilts over the chair. This excites the risible faculties of his boy, which so exasperates

Chevins that he runs after him to catch him, but finds his movements considerably impeded by the fatal scale-armour pantaloons, as he has only been able to force his feet down into about the calves, while the extremities flap about like the paws of a turtle, and the scales penetrate into his feet at every step he takes.

He at length succeeds in getting on the perverse though necessary article of dress, when a knock is heard at the door of the apartment. "It's Smashem," says he, "and I not half dressed; that precious hair-dresser, too, has not come yet." How great, however, is the consternation of our incipient Esculapius, when, instead of his friend, his uncle and guardian, Freeman, enters the room. "You here, uncle," he stammers forth, drawing his chair close up to the table, and sitting upon his loins, so that his uncle may not remark how his nether man is habited; "did you not receive my note?" "Yes, Charles," replies his relative, "but we could not think of dancing when we knew you were ill, and therefore we have postponed the party. But what is the matter with you?"

Chevins mutters something about "a pain in his loins," and, considering his position, we do not in the least doubt his statement. He also adds something about rheumatism. "Rheumatism," echoes his uncle, "and you in your shirt!" This unexpected question so staggers Chevins, that he knocks down a book; his uncle takes a light to look for it, and sees under the table something which for a moment impresses him with the idea that his nephew has got two tame alligators which he is bringing up by hand. He is still under the influence of his surprise, when the door is flung open, and Mr. Smashem enters, dressed in a nondescript eastern costume, which a large label on his breast informs the public is that of an Arabian Knight, while, as he facetiously observes, the numerous tales (horse-hair ones) attached to all parts of his costume, will keep up the character of the "Entertainments."

Uncle Freeman at length finds breath to say, "This is your illness, is it?" when Smashem, who sees, at a glance, how matters stand, interrupts him. "What! has not Charles told

you?—that is wrong. Charles you ought to have told your respected uncle—but just like you—always doing good by stealth and blushing—etc. You must know, Mr. Freeman, a vile libertine, one of the higher classes, has laid a deep plot to elope with an innocent and virtuous girl—this very night—from Jullien's. But we have determined to prevent him"—and then goes on to spin out such a moving story that the old gentleman first begins by praising their conduct, next promises to pay for their costumes, cabs, and suppers, and ends by being persuaded to accompany them to the *Bal*, and send a line to his family at Balham to say they are not to expect him, as he is detained in town by business of importance.

The hair-dresser, a little fidgety, wiry old man, who seems as if he moved on springs, now arrives to dress Mr. Chevins's hair. During the time he is engaged in curling the same, and then imbuing it with the usual quantity of Macassar, Mr. Smashem has accompanied "Uncle Freeman" to Simmons's, which is near at hand, and whence they now return with

a Turkish costume, the only one of any sort that is left. Uncle Freeman then actually puts on a turban and jacket, flowing trowsers and large slippers, and lets the little barber place an immense pair of mustachoes on his upper lip. Smashem declares that he looks great—and shortly afterwards the two young men drive off to the Theatre with their venerable, but too oriental, dupe seated between them.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DEPARTURE.

DIRECTIONS VEHICULAR, AND OBSERVATIONS  
PARTICULAR.



LIKE Change Alley in 1720, whither most of the population of England, without regard to persons, age, or sex, once flocked, lured by the hope of realizing a rapid fortune from South-Sea Stock, Drury Lane becomes, on the night of the *Bal*, the centre towards which almost all London seems to direct its course. At about ten o'clock p.m. people begin to depart, and if Mr. Green were then to float

over the metropolis in his balloon, and could pierce the darkness rendered yet more "visible" by the thick fog peculiar to a London November, he would behold a novel sort of spider's web, the threads of the same being formed of vehicles of every possible size and shape; whatever might have been the directions given at starting, the several conveyances now roll in one, that of Drury Lane. Look at them; there is no want of variety. Equipages from Belgravia, Park Lane, and other regions which Exclusiveness calls her own; carriages from Harley Street, Russell Square, and similar localities of departed *ton*; Broughams, flies, cabs—private as well as hack; in short, specimens of every description of conveyance extant, drive up in rapid succession.

On their arrival in one of the streets near the Theatre, they are compelled to fall into the proper rank, and wait their turn to "set down;" and it is our opinion that the usual accompaniments of this—the officiousness of policemen, the cries of the watermen, the oaths of the coachmen, the smashing of panels, the



driving of carriage-poles into footmen's legs, to the infinite discomfiture of those functionaries, and the remarks of the mob assembled before the doors—are not the least amusing part of the evening's entertainments.

We may observe, while speaking of this same many-headed monster, the mob, that it is certain never to be absent when anything extraordinary is going on, whether the Opening of Parliament, the execution of some unhappy criminal, or the arrivals to a *Bal Masqué*. Nothing seems able to exhaust its patience; hour after hour rolls on, and it is still on the same spot. The time which otherwise might hang heavily on its hands, it whileth away by indulgence in sportive sallies of native wit, vulgarly known by the denomination of "Chaff."

On a gentleman in a white neckcloth and exuberance of shirt-front getting out, the crowd greet him as the Head-waiter, and chide him severely for not coming sooner, as several had determined on honouring the *Bal* with their presence, had not the knowledge of his non-arrival, and the consequent want of some one

to retail the baked potatoes, deterred them. "Take care of your shirt," cries one, "you must wear it all the week." "He'll have a noo 'un to-morrow," exclaims another; "it's only writin' paper." "There you're out, old 'un," shouts a third; "it's a real dickey, I seed the strings a-sticking out behind;" and most likely it was, for the wearer immediately puts his hand to his neck, an act which, of course, elicits roars of laughter at his expense.

A Templar, on his arrival at the Pay-place, runs back and asks if the cab he came in has driven off, as he has left his gauntlets in it; his question is answered affirmatively, but he feels a ray of hope—several rays, indeed—on hearing a man, struggling to pierce the crowd, exclaim, "Is that the gemman as 'as lost his gloves?" "Yes," vociferates the Templar. "Oh, wery well," answers the man, arriving before him, and taking the proffered shilling, "I've come to say I 'ant found 'em."

A Spaniard with calves as thick as a Bœotian's head, and, evidently, as "false as dicers' oaths," is paternally but seriously reprimanded.

manded for raising the price of cotton by his depraved taste for luxuries like those.

The most prevailing costume is that of the *Débardeur*. Hardly a carriage drives up without containing at least one. The mob, which is pretty well conversant with most of the other disguises, is rather puzzled about this; and, on the two-hundredth-and-odd one stepping out, an individual calls out to the masquer, "I say, old fellow, just have the kindness to tell us what you are!" Of course the request remained unheeded, and the mob in the same ignorance as before. As there may be others in a similar situation, we beg to inform all those that do not already know it, that the *Débardeurs* are a class of men who gain their livelihood by breaking up the rafts which are floated down the Seine to Paris, to furnish that capital with fuel. From the immense number of the fair sex who patronize the costume in question, we have, for their especial benefit, created a new word—*Débardeuse*; as liberal as we are intellectual, we make a present of it to the *Académie Française*, for the next edition of its Dictionary.

Sir Anthony Kunitstrong on arriving at the Theatre is, by the confederacy of his friends, Sir Bradbury Goitfast and the Honourable Charles Stickitup (who has ascertained his costume), arrested by one of Levy's men, furnished with a false warrant, which purports to be at the suit of Cabbage, Plush, and Co., of Sackville Street. He is bundled into a glass coach and slowly driven to a lone public-house between Hounslow and Bedfont, where his captors pull up to water the horses, and get out as if to refresh themselves, purposely affording him an opportunity of escaping through the window, in doing which he nearly breaks his neck. On reaching *terra firma* he darts off without knowing in what direction, and is hotly chased towards Staines, until his pursuers give up the sport, leaving him to continue his course as long as he thinks fit, and finally to surprise, by his extraordinary dress, the inmates of the Stag and Hounds, whom he knocks up, as his night's adventures have done him.

We shall conclude this chapter with the remarks made by our two acquaintances of

“Lecesterre Squar” on stepping out of their Hansom.

“—Tiens, n'est-ce pas Shak-kes-peer que voilà, la bas ?”

“Oui, c'est lui.”

“Il devrait bien se déguiser aussi, pourtant.”

“Eh, parbleu, il l'a déjà fait ; ne vois-tu pas, mon cher, *qu'il a un pied de nez* ?”



## CHAPTER IX.

### **THE THEATRE BY NIGHT !!! VIVE LA DANSE !!! !!!**

JOYOUS SIGHT, BLAZE OF LIGHT, MASKERS'  
COLDNESS TURNS TO BOLDNESS; THEN TO  
LEAGUING AND INTRIGUING.



THE interior of the Theatre by night presents a magnificent spectacle to the astonished beholder, who might well fancy himself transported to some palace in fairy land. What a brilliant aspect does the place possess, compared with its dull, sepulchral coldness by day. Some good fairy seems to have touched with her wand every object, and turned it into

gold. How gracefully the delicate trellis-work decorating the front of the boxes is relieved by the light ground beneath; and how airily are the wreaths of flowers twined, encircled, and festooned round the front of the whole house. How magnificent the blaze of light which the chandelier casts upon every surrounding object, increasing and heightening its brilliancy, as a pure motive lends yet more lustre to a noble action; and how grateful to the eye, dazzled and bewildered by so much splendour, is the repose presented by the evergreens which are so plentifully distributed around.

The Doors are now opened, and ere long every seat in the audience part of the house is filled, with the exception of the private boxes, the fashionable occupants of which drop in so fashionably late. What a galaxy of beauty greets the eye; the triumph of Nature over Art is complete; you do not pause to admire the rich materials of which the robe is made—your homage is paid to the form it covers; your attention is not attracted to the gems composing the necklace, since their bril-

Hancy is completely dimmed by the bright eyes which gleam above them.



The first masquer now arrives, and remains somewhat stupified on the steps leading into the ball-room; he perceives he is a sort of modern Robinson Crusoe, all alone in his glory. The tickets announce that "Dancing is to commence at ten o'clock," but although that hour has passed, there is no dancing, no dancers, no musicians. A vague suspicion crosses his mind that the *Bal* is amongst the failures so frequent with "*great houses*."





.. Suddenly he descries in this vast desert of men, an oasis of twelve human palm trees in the shape of as many Masters of the Ceremonies, anon forming a most conspicuous group in the middle of the theatre, and complimenting each other on their personal appearance ; and then majestically presenting the same to the scrutiny of the audience as they walk up and down with long white wands in their hands. Our friend, the first masquer, satisfied he is not the only stick present, analyses the tournure of the gentle-

men who bear him company. He observes their bodies are habited in courtly-cut suits, and their nether-men in equally courtly-cut inexpressibles, their toilet being completed by silk stockings, shoes, and buckles—the latter more or less silver as the case may be. Our solitary masquer, feeling it necessary to obtain some particulars touching the further progress of the entertainment, is about to enter the ball-room when he becomes aware  
ence part of the included) is filled. Immediately he  
hiding place, on  
pearance is the  
duction of innu-  
glasses, all of which are forthwith levelled at him. Unaccustomed to be the *point de mire* of so many eyes, he feels somewhat nervous, and fancies his wig has got awry, or his doublet has burst (it is very tight), or those confounded calves have twisted round to the front of his legs. He convinces himself that this is not the case, and moreover reflects that he is



that the audi-  
house (galleries  
to overflowing.  
emerges from his  
the steps, his ap-  
signal for the pro-  
merable opera



other somewhere. At this end of the house he meets with several groups of masquers who, by their graceful bearing, their faultless tournure, and the perfect ease of their movements, are easily recognised as pertaining to the Ballet.

It is now nearly half-past ten, and the house



has gradually become much fuller. We have already a tolerable sprinkling of Jenny Linds as *Figlie del Reggimento*, of Swiss peasant girls, Turkish ladies, King Charles's and Rochesters, Spanish Dons and Donnas, Postillons, Colle.

gians, Debardeurs, and a number of youths habited as officers. These latter patronize the part of the arena between the proscenium and the orchestra, the reason thereof being that against the walls which separate the boxes from the stage, are placed large mirrors in which



they can admire their elegant appearance and martial bearing, and behold how very warlike their sword looks as it clattereth against their spurred heels.

Despite the increasing arrivals, the assembly

still appears very like what we should imagine a gathering of the monks of La Trappe, or a Quakers' meeting to be, supposing the two classes to which we refer could be induced to change the *travestissement* they usually indulge in for one of a more motley description. Every one goes



past everybody without exchanging a single word, much less attempting to perpetrate a single joke. Those who have come in pairs walk about as such, and those who have come alone continue to preserve their individuality. Every one

secretly votes the affair rather dull, but never



ALLEGRO.

for one moment imagines he is just as much the cause as every one else. Eventually, however, a pair of legs is observed on the topmost step of the stairs which form a communication between the flies and the orchestra. The said legs are speedily followed by a

body, which, in its turn, is the precursor of One Hundred and Nine others; in a word, the band has arrived. Each professional gentleman proceeds to the place assigned him, some tuning of instruments, just for form's sake, follows, and after the lapse of a short period, Jullien himself, the great Jullien,



PENSEROSO.

appears, and taketh his stand as commander-in-



FURIOUS.

chief of this unrivalled musical battalion. All is now in readiness ; every one is on the tip-toe of expectation ; There is a thrilling pause of breathless silence, during which Jullien looks around with majestic dignity ; slowly grasps his *bâton*,

and suddenly, at a majestic flourish of the same, a tremendous crash of harmony follows from the band. The strain dies away—it has done its work—the public chill is taken off. Suddenly a red-liveried footman riseth like Zamiel in *Der Freischütz* from behind M. Jullien, and exposeth to view a white satin



REPPOSE.



banner whereon is inscribed in letters of gold the word "QUADRILLE." Sets are now formed, after the M. C.'s have nearly exhausted themselves in shouting "side couples wanted here," or in the equally arduous task of procuring a "vis-à-vis" for this or that pair.

The figures proceed ponderously slow, and with the usual errors on the part of the less accomplished dancers, until the banner of TRENIS is displayed, relieving their minds from the fear of *cavalier seul*. But mark, when PASTOURELLE is danced, what a characteristic expression the "stars" of the *Bal* impart to their movements, surpassing even the conceptions of Coulon, that great advancer of our Terpsichorean capabilities, whom we meet here seeking new hints for his art. The first quadrille is terminated, and the dancers dispersed, but still the *salle* is only partially filled; masquers, however, like wrinkles, will come, at last, although imperceptibly; of this fact you are aware by your increased difficulty in passing from one place to another. There is also a different and more social spirit abroad; it seems as if each new-comer had brought with him a certain

quantity of ease and good humour, which, on entering, he had thrown into the public stock.

The banner of POLKA is now displayed in the Orchestra, and the M. C.'s immediately rush to the middle of the house; from this point they diverge until they stand in a circle at some distance from one another; they then lower their wands, holding them horizontally, each man grasping one end of that of his neighbour, thus forming a harbour of refuge, into which the tired dancers escape out of the human waves which roll around. In an instant all is motion; those who have hitherto merely been lookers-on soon form a portion of the living kaleidiscopes presented to the eyes of the spectators. Couple after couple whirls round, helter-skelter, pell-mell, knocking, and pushing, and shoving those behind and before with stoical indifference. Everything, however, is taken in good part, and the dancers continue their serpentine progress until Exhaustion stops them with her shaking hand. A pause ensues, during which most present seek to revive their sinking natures in the Refreshment Rooms; so great, however, is the influx

that those serving hardly suffice to the demands of their clamorous customers. Mr. Slashers, who, with his friend, the "Babylonian Brick," has arrived shortly before the Polka, and been most rabid in his execution of the same, has, as he observes, "distinctly asked the waiter six times for "some Cold-without;" amid the hurry and bustle of waiters, the hum of masquers' voices, and the eternal clinking of spoons and glasses, his demands remain unresponded to, and at last, he, as well as the aforesaid Brick, grasps in despair at a straw—one of those which are the invariable adjuncts of sherry-cobblers. Over these compounds, by the way, we observe many an intrigue commencing. Both parties draw each other out as they imbibe the transatlantic concoction, until the ice of formality disappears even more rapidly than the lumps of Wenham Lake. How many illustrious Jules *de* Clacks may be cackling away to an equal number of equally illustrious Esthers *de* Villars we will not pretend to say.

The metamorphosis which has now taken place in the spirit of the *Bal* equals all those of Ovid put together. Among the gay crowd a



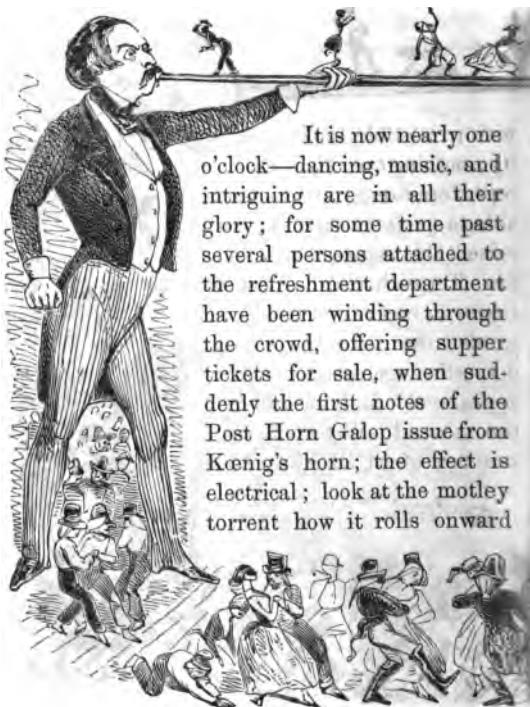
certain General of the Republic seems to be acquainted with everybody, beginning with Jullien, whom he addresses as "le plus bel

homme du monde ;" and Herr Koenig, whom he apostrophises with " Nun, altes Haus, wie geht's Dir, denn ?" down to the Firemen near the Orchestra, whom he salutes as " Blazes." On passing a certain Indian warrior, he observes " Very well got up with the black-lead brush." The Red-skin, who evidently does not understand the spirit of the assembly, instead of answering more or less facetiously, as the state of his talents may permit him, gets angry, and plays the savage to the life. His wrath only excites the mirth of the by-standers, and the General, who, as he is strong, is merciful, moves onwards with the remark that he, the Chief, is evidently " dun."

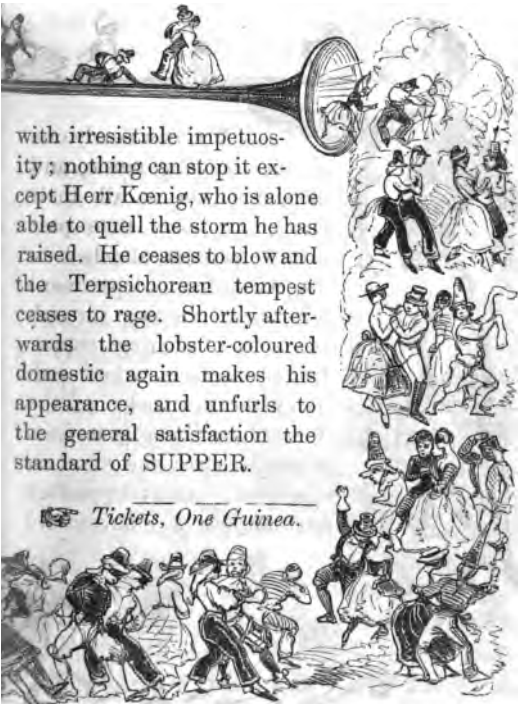
He next addresses an individual furnished with white cords, top boots, a hat, a whip, and a female on his left arm. This gentleman's occupation, the whole evening, has been to tap the aforesaid boots with the above-mentioned whip. The General mildly tells him that if he continue to amuse himself in that obstreperous fashion, and give such vent to his feelings, he shall certainly be obliged to call in the func-

tionaries of justice to bring him to order. He then proceeds to examine his victim's costume, and observes that it is rather *racy*. "Oh no," replies the other, with the greatest simplicity, "it's not that way; nothing to do with the course; I'm a Fox Hunter!" This is too much for the General; he retreats to the Refreshment Room, and seeks relief in a glass—we beg pardon—several glasses of Maraschino Punch!





It is now nearly one o'clock—dancing, music, and intriguing are in all their glory; for some time past several persons attached to the refreshment department have been winding through the crowd, offering supper tickets for sale, when suddenly the first notes of the Post Horn Galop issue from Kœnig's horn; the effect is electrical; look at the motley torrent how it rolls onward



with irresistible impetuosity; nothing can stop it except Herr Koenig, who is alone able to quell the storm he has raised. He ceases to blow and the Terpsichorean tempest ceases to rage. Shortly afterwards the lobster-coloured domestic again makes his appearance, and unfurls to the general satisfaction the standard of SUPPER.

 *Tickets, One Guinea.*



## CHAPTER X.

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### THE SUPPER.

MASTICATION, FLIRTATION, INEBRIATION, AND  
DISPUTATION.



THE supper, which some people, forgetful it is worthy any Sovereign, find too dear, is laid out on two immensely long tables, extending the whole length of the Saloon, and flanked on all sides by a continuous line of cane-seated benches. On the opening of the doors the place is quickly filled with hungry masquers, bent upon devouring the delicacies (both in and out of season) on which they have declared

•

war to the knife—and fork. They have mostly a lady on their arms, it being a remarkable feature of the *Bal Masqué* that, in nine cases out of ten, the lady with whom you “trip it on the light fantastic” during the dance immediately preceding supper, has lost her *cicerone*—“Where he can have got to, she can’t tell;” you make a tour of the house, and have minutely inspected every corner, when the lady suggests that “perhaps he is in the supper-room.” If you are a man of any gallantry, you offer to conduct her thither; the lady admits “you are very *ky-ind*,” and further adds, “this is too bad of my friend—doubly provoking—as he has the supper tickets in his pocket.” You approach the *salle à manger*, which you find, like the entrance to Paris, is protected by a barrier. Retreat is impossible, you are unmasked—have not the power to stammer out an invitation—are pressed upon by the crowd in the rear—and only can and only do escape by the ransom of two sovereigns, which you tender the Amphytrion of the feast; during the meal you perceive the absence

of "her friend" has not had the least effect upon the appetite of the disconsolate fair one.

The confusion incidental to obtaining places having subsided, the task of mastication commences with great seriousness. People who buy supper tickets are not over and above particular as to the order in which they eat things; whatever comes under their hands is lawful spoil; poultry and sugar work, lobster salad and Chantilly basket, tongue and trifle, game and blancmange, raised-pie and jelly, ham and custard—all are mixed together, "quite promiscuous," just as Frenchman and Dane, Greek and Spaniard, Turk and Russ, German and Italian, are mingled here—or upon 'Change.

After ineffectual attempts to eat with their masks on, most persons lay them aside; but even then such of the revellers as wear large mustachoes, the growth of a night, are puzzled to convey the liquids and solids to their respective mouths. One individual discovers that in his anxiety to gulp down a frothing glass of champagne, he has nearly swallowed one of his hirsute appendages; this the friend who had

filled to him observes "was a hair-breadth escape."

Uncle Freeman, who is seated next his nephew, and opposite his friend Smashem, and appears to have been too frequent a worshipper at the shrine of the Refreshment-room Bacchus, declares himself to be "in extensively tip-top spirits," and disgusts the waiter by calling for "more gooseberry." He informs Smashem, in confidence, across the table, that he is no enemy to a little innocent flirtation, and exemplifies his assertion by looking wistfully at a lady opposite, and treading on Smashem's foot, which he takes to be that of his fair enchantress.

Gentlemen now grow most attentive to the ladies next them; civilities and mutual compliments, wreathed smiles and bouquets, sometimes also cards, are exchanged, while hands are demanded and accorded—for the ensuing dance.

The proverb, *in vino veritas*, is sometimes disagreeably exemplified towards the end of the supper; the lady whom you have either voluntarily invited, or, as we have described, been obliged to conduct to the feast, now owns

the power of that "one glass—no more" (the standard of feminine libations), and cedes to your entreaties to unmask. You are staggered at beholding a perfect fright; but your horror gives way to the most vivid indignation on her exclaiming, coquettishly, "and I told you that I was ugly!"

One individual, *Bacchi plenus*, rises to propose a toast; some fast young gentleman mildly inquires whether it is ready buttered or not? and Uncle Freeman continues the joke by desiring to be informed whether the said toast be accompanied with a cup of tea! Which, Mr. Chevins observes, as it comes from the hon. member opposite, he shall take green. The first speaker indignantly replies "that - he rose to—address—" "Don't you see you're spoiling one?" asks Mr. Smashem, pointing to the lady next the Cicero in motley, down the nape of whose neck and over whose costume the said personage has been gradually—but surely—letting all the wine trickle from out his glass. The scene now becomes very animated. The gentleman who has conducted the lady to the table insists on

the speaker paying for the costume and making an apology ; the former replies " he shall neither pay for an apology nor make a costume." " He's betrayed himself !" exclaims another ; " he 's a tailor ;" this charge of belonging to a very necessary but not over and above romantic pro-



fession, diverts the question into a new channel, in which some charming personalities, accompanied by a continuous fire of corks and pellets of bread, play a conspicuous part ; the whole terminates by the principal parties being

forcibly separated and Mr. Freeman remarking there was "old gooseberry to pay," but instantaneously correcting himself by pointing to an empty champagne bottle, winking at the waiter and observing "it was already paid."



## CHAPTER XI.

### ENCORE, LA DANSE !!! !!! !!!

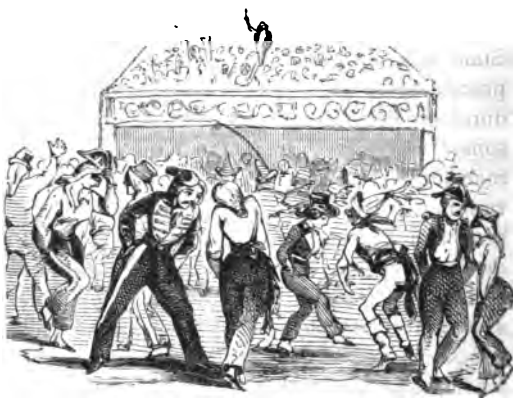
CONTINUATION, CONSTERNATION, CRIMINATION,  
AND BOTHERATION.



**I**KE the waters of the Mississippi, which, for miles and miles after falling into the Ocean, preserve their turbid individuality, the masquers who *have* supped are easily distinguish-

able from those who have not. While the latter are beginning to get rather drowsy, and to think of going home, the former are all life and jollity—sometimes a little too much so. Dancing now recommences with increased





vigour, and is adorned with a gymnastic *fleur-de-lis* of more or less extravagance, according as the executive party has imbibed a greater or more limited quantity of champagne.

Those who, up to this time, obstinately refuse to unmask, now supinely expose their features to the gaze of their fellow-revellers. This is productive of some confusion and much reproach. Husbands, whose wives never thought of meeting them at the *Bal*, are, on

their part, horrified at finding their better halves doing exactly what they themselves are doing. Staid and sober guardians, who invariably deprecate these kind of amusements, are struck dumb on being accosted by their wards; while some "sage, grave" man, the head of a large mercantile establishment, is rather annoyed at running, with a charming *Débardeuse* on one arm, and a *Cavalier*, of the feminine gender, on the other, full tilt against two of his junior clerks. Mr. Snoxell feels all the bile in his system rise in commotion at the view of his wife's cousin Charles, of the Inner Temple, whom he particularly detests for the attentions he is always paying Mrs. Snoxell, but against which he, Snoxell, can raise no objection, on account of their relationship. Cousin Charles has left his lady sitting alone. Snoxell thinks it would be an excellent joke if he could cut him out, and accordingly bridles up to the lady, who is masked, and in his blandest tones requests the honour of her hand for the dance about to commence. The lady starts—with surprise, no doubt—but accords the favour de-

manded. During the dance Snoxell is in high spirits, and becomes every moment more and more enraptured with his partner; such beautiful hair, so delicate a hand, it has rarely been his fortune to witness; his admiration increases to enthusiasm at the sight of the smallest little foot in the world; one which would make a Chinese lady go into fits for envy, a mandarin of the first class go mad for love, or the author go anywhere to behold.

The lady speaks little, but what she does say puts Snoxell into ecstasies; after the quadrille, on his inquiring whether he might have the extreme felicity of calling on her next day, she nods affirmatively. This encourages him to squeeze her hand; she returns the pressure. He then remarks that she was with some one or other—a gentish-looking sort of personage—to which she replies, “that he is perfectly indifferent to her.” Snoxell is almost frantic with delight—he *has* “cut him out!” He then asks her address, she tells him Sloane Street. “Rather near home,” thinks he, “but no matter.” “And

name?" "Snoxell!" says his fair incognita, now no longer so—taking off her mask, and revealing his wife's too well known features. The effect is petrifying; he manages, however, to stammer out something about "an agreeable surprise." His wife replies "his conduct is infamous." Snoxell, who has now had time to recover himself a little, asks "how it is that *she* is there, and with that fellow?" Mrs. S. wishes to know "to whom she was to apply, unless to him, to enable her to watch a perfidious husband?" At this moment the cousin comes up, and calling to "Lizzy," is about to take her round the waist for an after-supper polka, when he perceives Snoxell. "Yes," continues Mrs. Snoxell, looking at her cousin in a manner which, to our weak apprehension, seemed as if she were, morally, tipping him the wink, "I asked Charles to accompany me; I thought, and so did he, we should find you here—we can guess why—for whose sake you come!" "It is pretty certain for whose sake *you* come, madam," answers Snoxell. This observation

causes Mrs. Snoxell to call him an unfeeling monster, and burst into tears. In this state she is conducted home in a cab by her cousin, leaving Mr. S. to follow when he chooses.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RETURN.

HOW SUNDRY FOLKS GET HOME: HOW SUNDRY OTHERS ROAM—AND HOW AND WHERE, AND IN WHAT PLIGHT, THE LATTER PASS THE NIGHT.



THE pleasures of the dance must at length have an end, like all other earthly things, with the exception of Chancery suits, which are endless.

About half-past three or four o'clock persons begin to think of returning.

Those who have occupied the Private Boxes give the nod to their footman, which is the signal for him to order up the spanking greys which brought them thither, and which rapidly take

them back whence they came. Gentlemen from the Dress Circle leave their ladies waiting in a profusion of hoods and mantles, whilst they themselves thread their way through a most intricate labyrinth of human beings, horses, and vehicles of every description, till they have found their own quiet Brougham, and then go back to fetch the fair dames who are waiting for them. People in the Upper Boxes generally reach home by the aid of a Hansom's patent, or of some other vehicle dedicated to the use of any individual willing to defray the expenses of the same, at the rate of eight-pence per statute mile; while those who have figured as spectators in the Galleries, generally reach the seat of their household gods by trusting to the means of locomotion with which nature has endowed them, and take, as they walk along, a *promenade* supper, consisting of "baked taters, all hot," or "eel pies," purchased of some itinerant vender of them.

Having thus disposed of the lookers-on, we next come to those who have been actively engaged in the business of the night.

These on leaving the theatre are saluted by the lanterned functionaries, who ply at the doors, with, "Cab, my noble captain?" or, "call your highness's carriage?" The former appeal, directed to the vanity of gentlemen in uniform, seldom fails to obtain "poor Jack" a shilling.

A numerous class frankly own, "they don't know how they got home," and therefore we shall not pretend to be better informed than they are themselves. Their doing so, like the age of a lady, the address of a "stag," or a toad in the middle of a block of granite, constitutes one of the great mysteries of social life.

Others take a cab, generally honouring the driver by the familiar appellation of "Cabbey," and let themselves in by the aid of a latch-key after having been duly awoken on their arrival.

Others, who think the night air will do them good, walk home after buttoning up their paletôts to protect them from the cold, and to conceal their costumes from the eyes of the market-gardeners, visible at that early hour.





Others there are who will not ride, but yet appear to have no very decided intention of walking; these are modern Aladdins, who instead of beholding one wonderful lamp, see a score such at the top of each lamp-post. To the said lamp-posts they successively cling until they are ordered to "move on" by some policeman; their non-obedience procures them a lodging in Bow Street, on a wooden bench, or on the floor.

One gentleman took just four hours to accomplish the mile between the theatre and his lodgings—he had stopped to refresh him-



self at every public-house he found open ; this he called " going home by bits."

Another individual, who had figured as a *postillon*, after taking several " runs" to jump over a gutter, breadth one foot and a half, and

inquiring at a baker's shop, next door to his own house, if they knew where Mr. Tibbs resided, at last arrived at his destination. After opening the door with his latch-key, he, in a moment of demi-lucidity, drew off, by the aid of the scraper, his jack-boots, left them standing outside, and laid himself down to sleep on the mat in the passage.

But of all the returns we have here described, we question whether any amuse the public half so much as those made by the treasurer, the night of the *Bal*, did M. Jullien.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE NEXT DAY.

REFLECTION AND CORRECTION BY CONVICTION  
AND INFLECTION.



**T**HE next day, gentlemen begin to think that all the reflections poets ever sung of, including that of Narcissus in the fountain; of Cynthia in the waves; of Nature in the mirror which Shakspeare

holds up to her, are mere nothings compared to their own.

The next day, the Aladdin of a few hours before, now become his former-self, exclaims on looking at the place he is in, "Well, this *is* a *sell*!"

The next day, sundry gentlemen who went to the *Bal*, simply intending to play subordinate parts, find themselves simultaneously fined five shillings and upwards; besides getting

entered in the reporters' good books as the principal characters for the following day's Police Intelligence.

The next day, Mr. Slock, who is among the gentlemen just mentioned, and has been locked up for breaking a cab window, and refusing to pay the demands of the driver, replies to the worthy magistrate's question which window it was, "that on the other side"—on the laughter occasioned by this answer subsiding, Slock explains that he is speaking in reference to the position of the cab to his own house. The worthy magistrate dismisses him on his payment of the value of the pane and a fine for obstreperous conduct.

The next day, a gentleman living in the Albany wakes up and finds he has the boot-jack in one hand and a large wax candle grasped round the middle in the other.

The next day, a gentleman who has gone down the day before "to see his brother at Worthing and come up by the first train," and is further blessed in the possession of a charming child, whom he has taught to go to the different

cupboards in search of cakes, gingerbread, and sugar plums, is horrified by the said infant prodigy lugging in a large russet boot, which he has found in one of the cupboards. "Ah—yes—hem—my dear—you see these are an improvement on the sand slippers; I bought 'em to show you—sand boots." We rather think that the only sand the boots had anything to do with was that which their proprietor threw in his wife's eyes.

The next day, the family at Balham are surprised, while sitting at breakfast, by a violent ringing at the garden gate. On this being opened, a cab drives up to the door, and the driver, with the help of a friend he has brought with him, proceeds to lug out of the vehicle what at first sight appears to be a bundle of dirty clothes, but which, on the two individuals just mentioned depositing it on the floor of the breakfast-room, Mrs. Freeman and daughters, who are struck dumb with amazement, perceive to be a human being curled up like a hedge-hog; on his unrolling they recognise, to their great horror, Mr. Freeman, habited

as a Turk, with only one mustache (which has worked its way up to his left cheek), and looking exceedingly like a juggler who has washed down the sword he last swallowed with most potent libations.

The next day, Mr. Snoxell accompanies Mrs. S. to Swan and Edgar's; a magnificent Cashmere shawl is sent to the lady's residence a short time after.

The next day, Sir Bradbury Goitfast and the Hon. C. Stickitup visit Sir Anthony, whom they find stretched on the sofa, a prey to the most violent rheumatism. He gives them a most doleful account of his adventures of the preceding night, and ends by saying, "but what puzzles me is, why those precious bailiffs took me out of town—I can't tell what it means." "It means," replies Goitfast, "that you owe me £20." "What! you don't mean to say that—this is rather serious—this is—haw—haw—haw!" exclaims Kunitstrong, unable to retain his laughter any longer, and letting his love of practical jokes get the better of his indignation.

The next day, the district dust contractor takes away from the theatre two cart-loads of mustachoes, gloves, masks, ribbons, buttons, spangles, and other rubbish, towards which the sherry-cobblers of the Refreshment Rooms contribute sufficient straw to thatch a Swiss cottage.

The next day, *costumiers* reach the climax of their labours in collecting their dresses, which are more or less injured according to the taste and habits of the wearer. The said *costumiers* derive considerable experience of the "great fact" that promises to pay essentially differ from a metallic currency, and, in too many instances, become such inconvertibles as neither Messrs. Muntz or Spooner themselves would advocate.

The next day, innumerable patients, suffering from the most perfect state of fatigue, headache, cold—perhaps a touch of "that nasty influenza" (or any other "prevailing epidemic")—respectively prescribe for themselves, warm baths, green tea, brandy, Carara-water, or Bass's ale. The only popping to-day is that of the last two beverages, which go off even more briskly than usual.



The next day, the theatrical sweepers discover in the supper room several gentlemen in the situation depicted by our Artist at page 114, the said gentlemen having deserted the worship of Terpsichore and Bacchus to repose, *at length*, in the arms of Morpheus.

The next day, M. Jullien's balance at his bankers is something under £1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 more than it was the day before.

The next day, the author forwarded the manuscript of this work to Mr. Bogue, and in return received from that liberal and spirited publisher a cheque for something under £500. "And a great deal too much," observes a carping reader. Wait, my dear sir, there is yet another chapter for *your* shilling.



## CHAPTER XIV.

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### FINALE.

NOW IN CONCLUSION, THIS EFFUSION SUMS UP,  
BY WAY OF *RESUME*, THE INS AND OUTS,  
AND ROUND-ABOUTS, AND PHASES OF A  
BAL MASQUE.

THE two principal items of this chapter, the "Ins" and "Outs," may be summed up as follows: Gentlemen innumerable who have been to the *Bal* are very often *in* for it—in debt, to a great amount, *in* doubt where to apply for assistance, and *in* despair at not obtaining any; while Relatives and Guardians are *out* of humour, and refuse to advance another farthing, by which decision the *Costumiers* are sometimes *out* of pocket, and their unfortunate debtors take especial care to keep *out* of their way.

The "Roundabouts" relate to the means

and stratagems the last-named individuals adopt to *do* their obdurate relations, after all, out of the "tin;" and lastly, as to the Phases of the *Bal Masqué*, it is still in its first—has not yet come to its full.—The *Bal Masqué*, like the Potato on its introduction into this country, requires time to establish itself in people's good graces, but when it has done so, will most certainly become a universal favourite.

Our task is now nearly at an end; we have but one or two remarks more to make, and then, like Prospero, we'll "break our staff," as our friends, the dozen M. C.'s, have, no doubt, done before, unless the crowd of masquers spared them the trouble.

The sun itself has spots upon its disc, and the *Bal Masqué* of Drury Lane has two or three little defects which we shall now proceed to point out, and which we are certain M. Jullien, with his accustomed spirit, will cause to be remedied, ere the Terpsichorean *furor*, which, like the fires of Vesuvius (poor, oft-cited Vesuvius), only lies dormant to break out at certain periods, is again excited by the announcement of another *Bal*!

The want of printed programmes of the dances was greatly felt. These should have been generally distributed; and on future occasions, were the corridors of the Dress Circle well lighted and carpeted, and the Saloon opened so as to allow the masquers more room for promenading, it would greatly diminish the over-crowded state of the ball-room, and conduce much to the comfort of the dancers.

A great nuisance to those in costume were the would-be "fast men," who came in plain clothes—with, perhaps, the addition of a paste-board nose. These appeared to us so completely out of place, that we thought the management ought to extend its resolution anent the non-admission of "persons in the costume of Clowns, Harlequins, and Pantaloons," to those in round hats, Chesterfields, and paletôts.

Finally, we feel convinced that, when these ameliorations have been made, Fame will exchange her trump—as too small—for an opheioclide, to proclaim M. Jullien's praise, and grateful masquers will convince him that

though a ride in a two-penny omnibus may not be so dignified, it is considerably safer than one on their shoulders.



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LONDON:

VIZETELLY BROTHERS AND CO. PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,  
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET









